

GOLD  
KEY

ZORRO

12c

WALT DISNEY PRESENTS

# ZORRO

Zorro has  
to fight  
a duel  
in the role  
of the  
cowardly  
Don Diego!



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PRODUCTIONS



# WALT DISNEY'S *ZORRO*

## A STROKE OF LUCK



The King's gold is stolen, and Don Diego is challenged to a duel when he throws suspicion on one of his wealthy neighbors.



Zorro tries to uncover evidence to prevent the duel, but what he finds makes him decide that Diego should fight this battle.

## THE HUNTED



Bernardo alerts Don Diego that killer dogs have been turned loose on Zorro's trail... a trail leading to the De la Vega hacienda.



Fearing the exposure of his identity, Zorro leads the pack on a wild chase and almost loses his life trying to escape capture.

WALT DISNEY'S  
**LORRO**

# A STROKE OF LUCK

IT IS NIGHT, AND  
A GROUP OF  
LAWLESS HAVE  
STOPPED TO CAMP  
ALONG EL  
CAMINO REAL,  
WHEN...

DO NOT TOUCH YOUR GUN  
AGAIN, SENOR, OR I WILL  
FIRE MORE THAN A  
WARNING SHOT!

THE GOLD SEEDS...  
WE HAVE COME TO  
RELIEVE YOU OF YOUR  
HEAVY BURDEN!



HOW... DID YOU KNOW  
OF THIS SHIPMENT?

WE HAVE FRIENDS  
IN MANY PLACES!



AH, HERE IT IS! HOW  
BEAUTIFUL TO FEEL  
GATCHER'S SO  
HEAVY!

PLEASE... YOU  
MUST NOT TAKE  
THAT GOLD!



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THE LANCERS RIDE HARD THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT AND AT DAWN,  
REACH THE QUARTER IN LOS ANGELES...



THE GOLD SHIPMENT  
HAS ARRIVED!

WOW HAVE ARRIVED,  
SERGEANT SARGON!  
THE GOLD HAS BEEN  
STOLEN!

WHAT??? THIS  
CANNOT BE!

BUT IT IS! THE  
BANDIDOS TOOK  
EVERY LAST  
OUNCE!



AIEEE! I SUPPOSE  
IT WAS THAT DEVIL  
ZORRO WHO STOLE  
THE GOLD!

OH, NO, SERGEANT!  
ZORRO WOULD NOT  
STEAL GOLD  
DESTINED FOR  
THE HOMELESS!



I MUST TELL DON  
DIEGO DE LA VEGA  
OF THIS TRAGEDY!  
IT WAS HE WHO  
ARRANGED FOR  
THE SHIPMENT!

GO! HE WAS  
WORRIED HARD  
FOR THE HOME-  
LESS! HE WILL BE  
BROKENHEARTED!



AND THE PITY OF IT IS HE IS SUCH A  
WEAKLING HE CAN DO NOTHING TO  
HELP RECOVER THE GOLD!

GO!



SOON, AT DON DIEGO'S MACHENGA...





*THAT AFTERNOON, IN DON DIEGO'S STUDY, A GROUP OF PROMINENT LANDOWNERS HEARD THE NEWS OF THE STOLEN GOLD. ALL OF THEM SEEM HONESTLY ASTONISHED AND DISBELIEVING...*











*BERNARDO IS CONCERNED ABOUT THE  
UPCOMING DUEL... AND SAYS SO IN SPANISH  
LANGUAGE...*



AY, VEE... THIS DUEL WITH  
DON RICO? THAT IS A PROBLEM,  
BERNARDO... ONE THAT MUST BE  
DEALT WITH VERY  
CAUTIOUSLY!

BUT I THINK MAYBE OUR FRIEND, SÁDOL  
TORNADO, WILL THINK OF SOMETHING TO HELP  
I CERTAINLY HOPE SO, OR HEAVEN HELP  
DON DIEGO!



*MOMENTS LATER, IN THE SECRET ROOM...*



AH, THERE HE IS NOW! AREN'T  
WE LUCKY WE FOUND HIM IN,  
BERNARDO?

THAT  
HASTED...  
ALWAYS  
TEASING!

AS SOON AS HE IS COMPLETELY WITH US,  
MAYBE HE WILL HAVE A FEW IDEAS AS TO  
HOW TO HANDLE DON RICO SALDENA!



SÁDOL TORNADO, MY FAITHFUL  
FRIEND... I BELIEVE I WILL PAY  
AN UNANNOUNCED VISIT ON DON  
RICO, WHOSE SCENE OF HORROR  
MAKES HIM SQUEAL LIKE A  
PIGE



*A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE ALMOST LEGENDARY  
TORNADO IS RACING ACROSS THE CALIFORNIA  
COUNTRYSIDE...*



*BUT AS THE MOUNTAIN WOULD HAVE IT, HE IS SPOTTED BY GARCIA AND THE LANCERS WHO ARE OUT SEARCHING FOR THE BAND OF OUTLAWS WHO STOLE THE GOLD...*



*ZORRO RIDES TORNADO ON AND THE MOUNTAIN BLACK STALLION RESPONDS...*



*IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS, ZORRO HAS COMPLETELY CONFUSED SARGO AND THE LANCERS...*

WEE! IT WAS EASY ENOUGH TO GET IN HERE, BUT HOW DO WE GET OUT?

???

ZORRO HAS DONE IT AGAIN!

POOR SERGEANT GARCIA! HIS MEN ARE GOING TO BE VERY UNLucky WITH HIM IF THEY DON'T GET BACK TO THE CUARTEL FOR THE EVENING MEAL!

*LATER, AT THE MACHISON OF DON RICCO BALDOSA...*

HOW TO SEE IF I CAN UNCOVER ANY EVIDENCE LINKING DON RICCO TO THE ROBBERY!

*Moving CAUTIOUSLY, ZORRO ENTERS A BACKSTORY HALLWAY...*

*AND IN A MOMENT...*

BUT, DON RICCO... IS HE NOT

DANGEROUS TO CHALLENGE DON DIEGO TO A DUEL?

OF! WELL THAT NOT DRAW ATTENTION TO YOU?





*News of Diego's acceptance of the challenge moves swiftly through the pueblo...*



I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY DON DIEGO WOULD BE FIGHTING ANYTHING BUT THE STRINGS ON HIS GUITAR!

IT MUST BE THAT ANY TALK WITH HIM MADE HIM REALIZE THAT A MAN MUST DEFEND HIS HONOR!

*And it seems the duel is to have quite an audience...*



THIS IS ONE DUEL I DON'T WANT TO MISS!

WE MUST HAVE HASTE TO GET THERE ON TIME, FOR I FEAR IF WE ARE EVEN ONE MINUTE LATE, IT WILL BE ALL OVER! DON DIEGO DOESN'T HAVE A CHANCE!

*At the appointed hour of noon, the two duellists touch swords and the battle is underway...*



EN GARDE!

UH... OH, YES... EN GARDE!



POOR DIEGO! I NEVER SHOULD HAVE TALKED HIM INTO THIS!



GUIT BACKING UP YOU COWARD! STAND STILL AND FIGHT!

SWISH!





*INSIDE THE HOUSE, DIEGO SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET, IS HISS-PROCEEDED BY DON RICO, AND CONTINUES BACKING AWAY... RIGHT TOWARD THE CELLAR DOOR...*





## THE KING'S EMISSARY



The man had come riding to the rancho in the afternoon. He had introduced himself as Señor Manuel Escobar, emissary of the King, and had said he was riding to Monterey with important papers for the governor. With traditional hospitality, Señora Vasquez had asked him to rest at the rancho overnight. Grandfather, now too feeble to wander far from the oak chair in the parlor, had made him welcome.

But María Vasquez did not like the man. Why did his eyes wander so searchingly about the room? Why did his gaze rest so eagerly on the silver candlesticks that had been a part of her mother's dowry? And why was Señor Escobar so pleased when he learned that María's father was away from home?

After dinner, María slipped from the house and went to the corral where the visitor's horse was penned. In a few minutes her mother followed her, carrying a lantern.

"María!" Señora Vasquez was stern. "Why are you out here in the dark?"

The girl hesitated a moment, then said, "If Señor Escobar is the king's emissary, why is he not traveling in a great coach with an escort?" She took the lantern from her mother and held it high. "See the brand on his horse—it is not the mark of a horse from the royal stables. It would not surprise me if this man were an impostor."

"Who could he be? And what does he want of us?" María's mother asked.

"Perhaps he is a thief," María answered.

Señora Vasquez clasped her hands in prayer. "With your father away, what can we do? We cannot turn this man away."

"No," María agreed. "If he decided he would not go, we could not make him. I think he wants your silver candlesticks. Mama, but perhaps we can prevent him from taking them. Listen..."

María quickly outlined a plan. Her mother

nodded eagerly.

"You go back to the house," the girl finished. "I will take care of everything."

It was very late when María entered the house. She pulled off heavy gloves and went to her mother's room. "Now we will wait," she said to Señora Vasquez.

Hours passed in darkness. The night was well along when María and Señora Vasquez heard Señor Escobar open his door. Soft footsteps came down the hall and passed into the living room. There was a clink of metal upon metal. Escobar was taking the candlesticks. Footsteps crossed to the door. The latch was lifted and the door creaked open.

Moments later, a yell went up from the yard. María and her mother rushed to the living room. Through the open door they could hear Señor Escobar thrashing around outside, screaming, "Help! I am murdered!"

There were several loud thuds, which might have been either the candlesticks or Señor Escobar falling, and there was a continuous rusting and snapping. This was followed by the sound of feet pounding away past the corral, toward the Monterey road.

Señora Vasquez turned to María and said, "You had better go tell your grandfather what happened. I will get a lantern and look for my candlesticks."

It did not take Señora Vasquez long to find the candlesticks. They lay just where the thief had dropped them. And they were hardly scratched by the tumbleweed—the rounds of prickly, stiff, smelly tumbleweed that María had piled so carefully in the dark yard. It had taken María so long to gather that much tumbleweed, but it had been worth it. Señor Escobar had fallen head first into the weed, as María had known he must fall, for María had left nothing to chance. She had tied a length of rope across the frame of the door, just table-high.

# LAZY LUIS TAKES A WALK



IN THE LITTLE VILLAGE OF CLARA LINDA, IN OLD CALIFORNIA,  
THE ALCALDE STROLLS THROUGH THE STREET...



THAT LUIS BRANCH IS A SIMPLE FELLOW! ALL  
HE REQUESTS FROM LIFE IS WHAT HE MAKES  
FROM THAT FRUIT STAND!

GI! AND A PACK OF CHILDREN TO  
FOLLOW HIM ABOUT AND LISTEN TO  
HIS TALES! HE'S A LAZY MAN,  
I'M AFRAID!



SEÑOR ALCALDE! ONE MOMENT  
PLEASE, I NEED YOUR HELP!



THERE IS AN OUTBREAK OF  
MEASLES... THREE OF THE  
PUPILS IN MY SCHOOL  
HAVE THE RASH ALREADY!

HOW  
SERIOUS  
IS IT?



NOT VERY! THEY WILL BE ALL RIGHT, BUT  
I ASK THAT AN ORDER BE POSTED IN THE  
SQUARE! PARENTS MUST  
KEEP THEIR CHILDREN AT  
HOME, AND THEY ARE  
TO SEND FOR ME IF  
ANY CHILD SEEMS  
ILL!



AS PADRE FELIPE LEAVES, THE ORDER IS POSTED. ONE OF THE FIRST TO READ IT IS LUIS RAMON...



LUIS'S THOUGHTS ARE INTERRUPTED WHEN A RIDER GALLOPS INTO THE SQUARE...



I AM THE ALCALDE!

**ESTEBAN ALVAREZ,** THE BANDIT, IS RIDING THIS WAY! HE IS GATHERING TRIBUTE FROM ALL THE VILLAGES HE PASSES! I CAME TO WARN YOU!



GATHERING TRIBUTE? YOU MEAN HE IS ROBBING THE VILLAGES?



YES, HE TOOK 1,000 PESOS FROM THE PEOPLE OF SANTA LUISA — AND ALL THE GOLD JEWELRY OF THE WOMEN, BESIDES!



A THOUSAND PESOS! THERE IS HARDLY THAT MUCH IN OUR BRIDGE VILLAGE. WE CANNOT LET THAT BANDIT ROB US! WE MUST FIGHT!





THE VILLAGERS WILL NOT LISTEN TO LUIS... THEY PREPARE TO DO BATTLE WITH THE BANDITS...

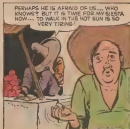


...AND A FEW MILES OUT OF THE VILLAGE, LUIS IS STOPPED BY A BAND OF HORSEMEN...



HOW INTERESTING! I AM JUST ON MY WAY TO CLARA LINDA TO COLLECT A SMALL - ER - A SMALL TRIBUTE FROM THE PEOPLE THERE! I AM ESTEBAN ALCALDE!













BOOKS LEAVE THEM TO THE MERCY OF THE WOLF...



THREE: RANCID AND PEDRO, TWO OF THE FINEST DOGS IN ALL OF CALIFORNIA.



DOGS? THEY LOOK MORE LIKE WOLVES!

THEY ARE HUNTERS, SERGEANT... AND ALSO KILLERS!



I WILL GIVE THEM SOMETHING TO EAT...



ALWAYS, THEY ARE HUNGRY! IT IS BETTER NOT TO OVERFEED THEM... THEY STAY HUNGRY... AND THEY LOOK FORWARD TO WHAT THEY CATCH AT THE END OF A CHAIN!



WITH RANCID AND PEDRO, CAPTURING ZORRO WILL BE EASY... THESE DOGS CAN FIND HIM ANYWHERE!

BUT TO LET THEM OUT... IS IT NOT DANGEROUS?





Following the countryside, the two men reach and walk on the trail of Zorro.

THEY HAVE PICKED UP THE SCENT...

THIS WILL BE THE GREATEST DAY OF MY LIFE! ZORRO CANNOT ESCAPE!



THEY REACH THE VILLAGE OF DON DIEGO DE LA VEGA

BERNARDO! YOU ARE BACK FROM THE VILLAGE SO SOON?



THE TRUSTED MUTE DISTURBS THE DANGER.

DOGS? AND THEY'RE ON THE TRAIL OF ZORRO?



THE TRAIL WILL LEAD HERE! ALL WILL BE LOST IF THEY DISCOVER THAT DON DIEGO IS REALLY ZORRO! WE MUST ACT QUICKLY!



QUICKLY DON DIEGO CHANGES INTO HIS THIRD COSTUME

I MUST LET THEM SEE ME DELIBERATELY. I WILL HAVE TO LEAD THEM AWAY FROM HERE!



COME, TORNADO, WE HAVE A SHIFT  
MISSION TO ACCOMPLISH...



THE MOMENT THEY TAKE THE TRAIL TOWARD  
MY FATHER'S HACIENDA, I WILL LET THEM  
SEE ME!



THERE! LOOK!  
IT IS ZORRO!

GET HIM, PANCHITO!  
DON'T LET HIM GET  
AWAY, PEDRO!



DOWN! DOWN! DOWN! THE GUNS HOT!

FOOT, TORNADO! THE  
BOGS ARE MOVING  
CLOSER!



UP, TORNADO! UP!





THE KILLER HAS ADVANCED AND LEAPS,  
FURY'S BARED...



TORRO FIGHTS THE VICIOUS DOG ANGRILLY...



TORREDO COMES TO THE RESCUE OF HIS MASTER...



THE DOG TURNS TO MEET THE NEW MENACE...







AT THE INN, SERGEANT GARCIA CONVINCES HIS FRIEND, DIEGO DE LA VEGA...



DIEGO TELLS THE TRUTH TO HIS FRIEND, SERGEANT GARCIA.



NEXT DAY, GARCIA SEARCHES, THEN REPORTS TO THE COMANDANTE...



ST. COMANDANTE! THERE WAS ALSO A MASK AND CLOAK IN YOUR QUARTERS ...AND EVEN ONE IN MINE!



NO, MI CAPTAIN! IT IS AS I WARNED! HE HAS TRICKED US AGAIN!



## THE MUSTANGS



In old California, horsemanship was very important. When a Californian was only four or five, he was hoisted onto a horse and his education began. By the time he was six he rode as easily as he walked.



The rancheros prized their horses — Arab steeds brought in from Spain. These were never stabled, instead, they were branded and turned out to pasture to graze for themselves until a fresh mount was needed.



There had not been a single horse in California before the arrival of the Spanish missionaries, but within a few years, the herds had grown to alarming sizes. One herd alone might number up to 100,000.



Naturally enough, some of these horses, running free in the pastures, turned wild. They lured still others away from the herds. Members of these outlaw bands were called *mercedes*. Today we call them *mustangs*.



At one time, when the West was still very big and very empty, thousands of wild horses, descended from the Spanish stock, roamed the remote valleys. Gradually, as the land was settled, the outlaw bands dwindled. But in some back-country areas, ranchers still encounter crafty, elusive mustangs which steal down from the hills to raid corrals and coax away the mares.

**THE JEST**

